

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Thursday, October 16. 1707.

WHEN I told you what the *French* were a doing, or what they might be reasonably expected to do, I was told by a discontented Sort of People, that it was a leading them into Methods to hurt us—And great Fault was found with your humble Servant upon that foolish Suggestion.

I am now going to tell you, what you may do, or what is the Consequence of things you might do; or be reasonably expected to do to them: I warrant, you will not charge me with distating, how the Enemy may be best wounded; such is the Fate of Authors, what you like not, is all criminal, and what you do like, you won't acknowledge.

Well, let that go as it will, I shall however do my Duty; and now behold, I lead

you by the Hand to a noble Equivalent for your Loss of *Thouſen*— I do not say, 'tis what no Body ſees but I, neither was the Preparations of the *French* for an Inroad to *Bavaria* and *Portugal*; but this I ſhall ſay, 'tis what I do not find all People equally convinc'd of, either as to its Value, or the Feazibleness of the Enterprize: But to come to the Design, which I know you expect, it consists of two Parts.

1. The *Spanish* Galeons, or Flota from *America*; I need not spend my Time to tell you, that these are the Ships, who twice a Year assemble at the *Havana*, a Port in the Island *Hispaniola*, from the several Ports in the Gulph of *Mexico*, such as *Caribagena*, *Porto-Belo*, *Vera Cruz*, and the Islands, and bring home as well the Tributes and Dues to the King, which are generally *per Ann.* about

about 12 Millions of Ducats; but also a very great Treasure to the Merchants, most of which comes in ready Money, and in fine Goods, such as *Cochineal*, *Indigo*, *Cocoa*, *Drugs*, *Dye-stuffs*, &c. — These Ships are now assembling at the *Havana*, in order to come Home: The Effects are very much *French*, they having driven a vast Trade thither, under Shelter of their present Influence on the *Spanish* Affairs; several of the Ships are this Year *French*, and the Revenue to the Crown will all come into *French* Hands, or into *French* Management, and to crown all, a large Squadron of *French* Men of War are gone to bring them Home, and a second Squadron is fitting out to meet them, and strengthen their Convoy.

Now, Gentlemen, here is a Booty worth taking, here is a Prize worth fetching, and how must this be done? Not by going away to the *Havana*, unless you had a Land Army to take the Port and Island, that would have no other Effect, than to make them unload their Treasure there, and secure it, and to resolve not to come home this Year. Not by lying the Main-Sea, and so lying in their Way, give them Sea Room to escape, as was done in the Case of the *Sieur Pointy*; nor by expecting they should jump into your Mouths, while you are minding *nothing else*, as was once at *Vigo*—When they sav'd some Body giving an Account of a broken Expedition. No, no, Gentlemen, these are not the Ways; the true Way to do it, is to lye with a strong Squadron of Men of War in the proper Latitudes, which by the Nature of the Voyage, they must come, and fairly meet them, as they come home.

If this could be done, I must own, it would be a blessed Equivalent, it would have two most capital Consequences. 1. It would save *England* the Trouble of raising next Year, about six Millions and a half, *Sterling*, as they did last Year, and as they otherwise must do again this Year. 2. That would not be all, the Loss of such a Sum to the *French* and *Spanish* would be a Blow superiour to *Hockstedt* or *Ramellies*; it would be a perfect Amputation of Members to their whole Body, cutting the Sinews of both their Arms.

I know, the Efforts of the *French* have been the Wonder of this Age, and how he has recover'd himself, is not a Disappointment to us only, but a perfect Surprise to all the World—And how has he done it, how has he rais'd such a prodigious Force, after the Disappointments he met with in the *Mine* Bills, and the like? How has he done it? I'll tell you, he has done it by his Money, he has done it by that very Money, which this *West-India* has supply'd 35 Ships into *Brest*, and 3 into *Spain*, brought to both Kingdoms very near 12 Millions of Peices of Eight, besides Goods; and tho' the Merchants had some of it, yet it was very remarkable, that the Money which come to the share of the Publick in both Kingdoms, was so much, as helpt both of them to bring their Armies into the Field, which without those Assistances they could never have done— Could you then be but Master of this Treasure, you weaken the Enemy more, than if you should beat him in the Field, or beat him out of the Field either.

Money, Money! What an Influence hast thou on all the Affairs of the quarrelling, huffing Part of this World, as well as upon the most plodding Part of it! Without Thee, *Parliaments* may meet, and Councils sit, and Kings contrive, but it will all be to no Purpose, their Councils and Conclusions can never be put in Execution! Thou raisest Armies, fightest Battles, fittest out Fleets, takest Towns, Kingdoms, and carriest on the great Affairs of the War; All Power, all Policy is supported by Thee, even Vice and Virtue act by thy Assistance, by Thee all the great things in the World are done, Thou makest Heroes, and crown'st the Actions of the mighty; By Thee, in one Sense Kings reigo, Armies conquer, Princes grow Great, and Nations flourish.

Mighty Deuter! Thou great Black and white sides of the World, how hast Thou brought all Things into Bondage to thy Tyranny? How art Thou the mighty WORD of this War, the great Wheel in the vast Machine of Politick Motion, the Vehicle of Providence, the great Medium of Conveyance, in which all the Physick of the secret Dispensation in human Affairs is administered, and

and by the Quantity of which it operates to Blessing or Cursing? Well art thou call'd the God of this World; for in thy Presence and Absence consists all the Heaven or Hell of human Affairs; for Thee, what will not Mankind do, what Hazards will they run, what Villanies perform? For Thee, Kings tyrannize, Subjects are oppress'd, Nations ruin'd, Fathers murder'd, Children abandon'd, Friends betray'd, Thou art the Charm that unlocks the Cabinet, unscrews Nature; for Thee, the Traytor swears, the Parasite flatters, the Profligate swears, and the Hypocrite prays; for Thee, the Virgin prostitutes, the Honourable degenerates, the Wise Man turns Fool, the Honest Man a Knave, the Friend turns Traytor, the Brother turns a Stranger, Christians turn Heathens, and Mankind Devils.

Thou art the Test of Beauty, the Judge of Ornament, the Guide of the Fancy, the Index of Temper, and the Pole-Star of the Affections; Thou makest Homely Things Fair, Old Things Young, Crooked Things Straight; Thou hast the great Remedy of Love, thou canst give the Blind an Eye, the Lame a Leg, the Froward a Temper, and the Scandalous a Character; Thou makest Knaves honest, Whores chaste, and Bullies Justices of the Peace; Thou creapest into all our Towns, Cities, Corporations Court-Houses, ay, and Churches too; Thou makest the Differences there between the Great and the Small, the High and the Low, and to thy Charge it is justly lay'd, why Sotts lead, Blockheads preach, Knaves govern, and Elected Fools make Aldermen and Mayors.

In the Armies, Thou workest Wonders too; there Thou makest the Coward fight, and the Brave run away: Thou givest Victory, and leadeest Triumphs; all the Caps and Feathers stand upon thy Head, and Thou hast the Passing of all Commissions; Thou makest Marshalls of France, Governors of Provinces, and Lieutenant-Generals; Thou makest Bullies Admirals, Sodomites Captains of Men of War, Cowards Commodores, and Brutes Leaders of Men. For Thee, the poor Soldier strives to have his Brains beat out, the Officers court Thee

through all the Paths of Death and Horror; for Thee the Generals shift Hands, serve any body, nobody, and every body; Thou makest Christians fight for the Turks, Thou hast Servants to the Devil, nay, to the very Czar of Muscovy.

For Thee, the Kings of the Earth raise War, and the Pot-sherds dash against one another. Thou art Ambition, for Pride is really nothing but Covetousness; 'tis for Thee the Mighty sell their Rest, their Peace, and their Souls in Quest of Crowns and Conquests. They talk sometimes of other Trifles, such as Liberty, Religion, and I know not what; but 'tis all for Thee, I never knew but two Exceptions in our Histories, viz. *Gustavus Adolphus*, and King *William*; Thou art the mighty Center of human Action, the great Rudder the World steers by, the vast Hinge the Globe turns on— O Money, Money, who can form the Character!

And yet Thou necessary Evil, Thou hast some Panegyrick due to Thee also, and they that rail most at Thee, seek thy Favour; Thou assistest the Injur'd to shake off their Chains, the Invaded to defend themselves, and the Oppressed to regain their Liberty, and Thou art equally necessary to one, as to the other. In thy Excesses and the Excursions of Men about Thee, consists all thy Scandal; Thou encouragest Vertue, rewardest Honesty, and art the Reward given to Man for his Labour, *under the Sun*; without they help, Tyrants would never be dethroned, nor Ambition restrained, nor any of the Capital Diseases of the World cured.

And how art Thou to be obtain'd? How must we court thy Favour? Truly, just as the rest of the World does, where Thou art, we must seek Thee; where Thou art legally provided, thou shouldest be legally demanded; but where fraudulently, oppressively, or violently amass'd, by the same Violence Thou art to be lawfully seiz'd upon;—such are Pyrates of Nature, and ought to be plunder'd for the publick Good, and if their Power cannot be subdued, you may doubtless use the best Means you can to remove out of their Possession, the Prisoner MONEY.

And: